

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

The cell was at the far end of a dark, chilly corridor. A patch of light crossed the cell from the window and broke the grating, making a grim pattern on the corridor wall. Chaffee had heard her footsteps and was in the middle of the cell. She had seen him always before as a clean-shaven man with cheerfulness flurking around the corners of his eyes; therefore she was not prepared for this Jim Chaffee. The stubble of his beard added a hardness to his features, brought out the high cheek bones, and accented the hollows of his jaw. His clothes were dirty and ripped in places. One fist seemed swollen to her. That physical injury drew her attention instantly.

"What happened to your hand?"

The light of pleasure flashed down in his eyes. He came forward, first looking across his shoulder to find the guards squatting outside the window in a position to command all that happened. "It's been a slow day," said he, "up till now. How ever did you get Luis to let you in?"

"I bribed him with a smile," answered the girl. "But your hand?"

"Rock cut it some," was his explanation. "So Luis is human, after all? That's a discovery. Now you oughtn't come around a filthy place like this."

Locklear was already impatient, perhaps sorry of his bargain. She couldn't see the man, but she heard his boots advance and retreat at the top of the stairs. "Do you know what is happening?"

"I can guess," said Chaffee, somber again. "Those boys are down to trumps. Aim to play the high one to-night."

There was little time to deny. Locklear would be down in a moment to reassure himself. Yet, apropos of nothing at all, she said:

"Jim, I think I have more faith in you than any other man I have ever known." Chaffee took hold of the bars. "Thanks, Gay."

"I wish," she went on, quite subdued, "you felt that way about me. Oh, now what am I saying? You are without defense against me. So I pick on you. Cross that off."

"The remark goes double with me," murmured Jim. She was smiling. "Which remark—first or second? But she knew what he meant. 'Jim—you honestly do? Knowing nothing at all about me—even knowing I have gone to a man's house who—'"

"Cross that off," said Chaffee. "What I said stands. Who am I to be asking questions? It's your life."

"Sometimes, I wish you would ask questions—ones that hit right down to the bottom. I'd answer them." The rose color came to her cheeks. "Is it the mournfulness of a jail that makes me frank? But sometimes I wish you would."

"Why?"

"Because," said she, taking a woman's privilege of the word. Luis Locklear had stopped at the top of the stairway, as if debating. The girl bent nearer Chaffee. "Mack Moran is in town."

"That fellow—" began Chaffee with his feeling. "Mack Moran is a man, Gay. I wish I knew another one like him. Tryin' to see me but can't get by the bloodhounds, I reckon?"

Her voice dropped to the faintest whisper. "Eight o'clock. Watch for a rope dropped down to the window. Tie it. Horse in the alley by Tilton's. If you can't reach that go to the rodeo field." Locklear was at last on his way, moving clumsily. The

girl reached through and touched his hand. "I don't know—but the Lord bless you, Jim."

Locklear was in the corridor, able to hear what they said. Jim Chaffee spoke casually. "When are you goin' back?" "I don't know," replied Gay. "Through?" asked Locklear, trying to be jovial. "Thank you, yes. I didn't want to leave Roaring Horse without seeing him. I'm sure you understand, Sheriff Locklear."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," agreed Locklear. "I will escort you to the door."

Leaving the courthouse the girl went quickly back to the Gusher. She saw Mack Moran standing by the stable and she nodded to him. Mack's wry cheeks never changed. But he got the message she intended. Five o'clock was dusk. And at that hour Theodorik Perrine entered the Gusher by an alley door and climbed to the suit always set aside for William Wells Woolfridge. The gentleman was there.

"All right?" asked Perrine, thrusting his head through the door.

"Come in."

"Nobody saw me," volunteered Perrine, standing in front of Woolfridge. As tough a character as he was, he never ventured to sit down in the presence of Woolfridge unless the latter asked him, which was seldom.

"I am relaxing my precautions," replied Woolfridge. "It becomes less important—secrecy. Very shortly now this country will know just exactly where I stand."

"Well, then, let me take charge of this party to-night. Yuh been holdin' me off long enough. Chaffee's my game."

"I see his friends have come to town. What for?"

"To get him out," said Theodorik Perrine, his great jaws snapping. "But we got 'em stopped. Outnumbered. If they start a play they're sunk."

Woolfridge absorbed the news. "Any idea how they'll go about getting him free?"

"No, I ain't. But they can't make a move without exposin' themselves."

"Then," said Woolfridge, biting into the words, "why not let them try?"

"Never thought about it."

"I have," Woolfridge rose, smoothing the laps of his coat carefully. The chubby cheeks squared, the business-like blandness fell away. There was a queer, shuttering light in his expressionless eyes. "I have thought of it a great deal. It is much better to let the gentleman break jail and be shot down than to take him out and hang him. In the former case he is legally killed. In the latter we are going pretty strong. It might trip us up later. Stirrup S is working nicely into the whole thing. Are you sure you can control the situation?"

"You bet."

"Chaffee is a dangerous man. He knows entirely too much. More to the point, he is the kind of a free agent I don't want on my trail. He possesses more initiative and imagination than I care about. I repeat, he is dangerous, both for what he has found out and for what he will find out if he gets clear."

"He won't," said Perrine, shutting his massive jaws on the words.

"Then let them try to make the jail break. And take care of Chaffee when he shows himself outside the cell. That is all."

"Now have you birds got this all clear?"

Mack Moran and the rest of the Stirrup S crew stood in the

darkness of the rodeo stands, rehearsing the event about to take place. Horses moved restlessly behind them, long lengths of rope lay on the ground. "We can't afford to have any mistakes. One horse here. One horse down the take care of that. Gil climbs the eatin' place, crosses the Red Mill roof, and swarms up the courthouse turret dingbat, draggin' ropes behind. Got it all straight, Gil?"

"Yeah. Some harder to do Roof is crooked. But I'll make it."

"All right, Lin Tavish, you follow Gil along the roofs to keep the ropes from kinkin'. McDermitt is on the ground, holding to the loose ends of said ropes, ready to dally 'em. I'm busy with the horses. McDermitt and me does the business of jerkin' the bars loose. Rufus, Baldy, and Ed Wing go along the back there with us to do any necessary shootin' that comes to a head. Which leaves thirteen to ride hell bent down the street to the front of the courthouse when the time comes and draw everybody's attention thataway. You gents wait right here until the signal goes. Gil does his job, eases back from the roofs, and walks out to the middle of the street. And howls like he's poisoned. That's the signal for all of us. You come in, make a lot of noise, and bluff the sheriff. We do our duty at the back. You boys stick around to cover us while we get a head start. There's the dope."

Somebody came into the field afoot, breathing hard. "It's Chitty," said the arrival, identifying himself.

"What' dyuh find?" asked Mack.

"Them fellows is movin' around town like they smelled a skunk," replied Chitty. "Which is natural," observed Mack. "They know we're up to somethin'. We can't hide that. Only they don't know which way we aim to bust. What else?"

"Far as I can make out," proceeded Chitty, "they's about four-five back there guardin' the winda. Must be a whole dozen hangin' around the courthouse steps. And about the same number just moochin' here and there. All over the premises."

Mack drew a breath, speaking quietly. "I guess we're set. Let's go."

He moved away, trailed by the six who were to do the main job in back of town. They made a wide detour of the street end, going a quarter mile into the open desert and cautiously closing in upon the south side of Roaring Horse.

sheds an daround all the junk making. A light sprang suddenly out of a hotel window and nearly transfixed them; they fell away and skirted a mountain of dry-goods boxes. Directly against the malodorous rear porch of the restaurant they came to a halt. Mack bent. Gil Daugherty stepped on Mack's cupped hands. A small "hup" exploded from Mack, and Gil shot upward, twisted across shingled eaves, and was lost in the velvet shadows. Rope payed out with a soft snoring murmur. "Goin' back now," whispered Mack and disappeared.

He had elected to make the trip twice in order to keep in touch with both groups and see that nothing went wrong. The bulk of the Stirrup S crew waited with an increasing skittishness in the rodeo field. "I'm takin' my horse, and I the best of the lot, and Jim'll need it. Correct?"

Evidently it was correct. One of the bunch wanted to know what to do if the whole gang got split up following the fireworks. "Every man for himself," decided Mack. "But figger to meet on the road home about Chickman's creek. And stay home. They might come there and try to burn the outfit. I'm goin'." He took the horses and followed a still wider detour around to the south side. This time he

avoided the back of the notes entirely and left the ponies standing a good fifty yards distant, himself closing on McDermitt and the others. McDermitt was softly cursing. "Damn rope fouled once. Lin come all the way back to clear it. He's got all I can give him now." This much in a pungent, nervous whispering Mack moved off, crawling along the end wall of the Red Mill. A hundred yards farther cloaked in darkness and silence, were the guards. It seemed to him they were unusually silent. That worried him. He returned to McDermitt.

"Think it's done," was the latter's sibilant whisper. "Judas, I'm wringin' wet!"

Lin Tavish dropped down from the roof. Another minute and old Gil Daugherty followed, badly winded. "Fixed."

Mack had trouble in keeping his words muffled. "Ed Rufe, Baldy—yore turn now. Inch around to the far side of the courthouse. When the boys larrup down the street you start shootin' high. Draw the attention of them guards offen the window. Yuh got three minutes to make it."

Those three minutes dragged interminably. The night seemed to be full of extraordinary sounds, yet nothing emerged from the area around the window. Mack sighed. McDermitt swore. Gil muttered, "Time now?"

"Yeah." More waiting while Gil threaded the alley. Yet as they swung into the saddles they heard the wild Apache yell of Gil Daugherty ringing like a trumpet over the rooftops and sounding down the street. The echoes of it were still alive when the main body of Stirrup S came thundering in. Guns were out; the beat of shots surged one into another. The clamor rose; those dark shadows pulsed to shrill cries with the fusillade. All this swirled and smashed along the street and back through the alleys; then gathered into a whirlpool of fury in front of the courthouse.

"Now!" breathed Mack. "Let's go!"

The three men over at a corner of the courthouse opened fire in unison, wakening an immediate and vicious response. The horses walked five yards before the rope set a tension on the horns. "Now," repeated Mack. "Into 'er! Spurs sank. Beyond, the gun reports spat and crashed, wood popped, and Luis Locklear was shouting angrily. Behind the courthouse a pitched battle seemed to be in session.

"She's out!" muttered Mack. "Yeh. Gosh I'm thirsty!"

"Slack off—let the ropes go! Come on—we'll get Jim or bust a laig! T'hell with them dudes!"

The two of them started side by side toward the courthouse window. Lin Tavish joined the galloping advance. A back door of the Red Mill swung ajar and Mack whipped a shot directly beside it. Somebody shouted, and the door slammed hard enough to shake the rickety structure. Somewhere Gil Daugherty was still howling and the sound of it added to the weird and battering and blood-stirring pattern of violence abroad in the shuttering blackness.

"Wait a minute."

A galloping figure came toward them, beating bottles and boxes out of the path. Came recklessly. "Quien es?"

"Jim?"

"All right, Mack. Where's that horse? Give me a gun. I'm naked. Damn your soul, you sure can wreck a town once you get started! Come on—let's sift. Where's that horse?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Only One Line.
A few strokes carried the beach life guard to the side of the woman who had gone beyond her depth. "Oh, save my hair! Save my hair!" she cried, pointing to a wig floating on the water.

"Madam," replied the guard. "I am only a lifesaver, not a hair restorer."

movement started in the Hungarian Calvinistic university town of Debreczin, where the students voted not only to boycott competitors in beauty contests, but to extend the boycott to their families.

STUDENT HIGH PAID "SUPER"
New Haven, Conn.—(UP)—The highest paid "super" on the stage of the Shubert theater here during a performance of Al Jolson's new show, "The Wonder Bar" was a Yale student who wasn't supposed to be there. The student bet \$50 with a classmate he could get to the

stage with other members of the cast who made their entrance down the aisles of the auditorium. He won after strolling about in silk hat and full dress until Jolson discovered him and ushered him off stage.

PARROT FOUND IN HEN HOUSE
White Salmon, Wash.—(UP)—When Mrs. E. McFadden investigated sounds of "hello," "hello" coming from her chicken yard, she found a parrot that had disappeared about six weeks previously from the home of Mrs. Guy Briggs of Kllickit, Wash., about 35 or 40 miles east of White Salmon.

HOW INFECTION IS SPREAD
Communicable diseases are often transmitted by animals not actually and visibly sick with the disorders concerned. Animals may harbor infective germs and transmit them while they themselves are in good health. Many such carriers are immune as in the case of human beings who may be carriers of the germ of typhoid fever and at the same time be themselves immune to the disease. The germs of pig typhoid and bull nose are commonly present in the intestines of healthy hogs, which may transmit them to young pigs. The same is true of coccidiosis in chickens, and probably with fowl typhoid. This phenomenon is seen also in other animal infections. It always is necessary to reckon with it when dealing with disease prevention. It is impossible to detect such infection carriers. The solution of the problem is sanitation by suitable methods of feeding and watering, and by maintaining a clean, safe environment.

ARE THEY PAIQING?
A formula has been devised which will tell us how heavily a flock must lay to cover the cost of feed, according to a trade publication of one of the large incubator manufacturing companies. This formula is as follows: Divide the price of feed per hundredweight by the price of a dozen eggs. Multiply the result by three. This will give the per cent of daily production that is necessary to pay for the feed at the existing price conditions. At present prices our laying mash is costing us about \$2.50 per hundredweight and our scratch grain \$1.35. Our hens are eating about equal amounts of each. Hence our average feed cost is \$1.93. Eggs are worth about 20 cents a dozen at our produce houses. The feed cost, \$1.93, divided by 20 cents gives 9.65. Three times this remainder gives 29, the per cent production necessary to pay for feed. I don't know how accurate this formula is, but it sounds reasonable. Sixty per cent of egg production costs is feed, according to the average of a large number of records. So, to make our housing and equipment with present price we need nearly 50 per cent production to break even.

SLOW FEATHERING CHICKS
Each year the poultryman notices certain chicks which feather slowly. Some breeders of exhibition stock have found that certain of these slow-feathering chicks turn out to be birds of very fine color. In order to determine if there was any relationship between slow-feathering and slow growth, and just what type of birds these slow-feathering chicks eventually turned out to be, the writer undertook a series of experiments. Barred Plymouth Rocks were used for this trial. A large number of chicks from the exhibition strain, which were bred a number of years chiefly for egg production and vigor were observed regularly throughout the growing period. In addition a number of hatching eggs were obtained from an exhibition breeder who had consistently been winning Barred Rock classes in one of the leading shows in the Middle West. Chicks from each of the strains were brooded and fed under the same conditions and pullets trapped and cared for in the same pens throughout their first laying. The observations showed clearly that the growth of feathers on the backs of the chicks was closely related with rate of body growth. The heaviest chicks feathered over the back more rapidly. Neither the males or females of the exhibition stock grew so rapidly as those from the production-bred strain. The evidence pointed to the fact that continuous breeding for exhibition quality of barring had tended to reduce the rate of growth. There were more chicks, proportionately, from the exhibition strain among the slow-feathering groups. This led to the conclusion that continuous breeding and selection of Barred Rocks for exhibition quality of barring reduced the rate of feather growth. How about egg production? The winter and yearly egg production of the pullets indicated a fairly close relationship between rate of growth, rate of feathering and subsequent egg production. All but one of the pullets that exceeded 30 eggs during the four winter months feathered normally during the growing period. Practically all of the slow-feathering (and heavy) chicks proved to be poor winter layers. Hence, it could be concluded that the culling out of pullets that feather slowly over the back will eliminate a portion of those pullets which would (if kept) prove to be poor winter layers. It should be remembered, however, that not all hens that produced poorly during the winter months had feathered slowly as chicks. We raised 31 cockerels from the exhibition strain to six months of age and observed them carefully throughout the growing period. Only 27 of these cockerels were well enough matured and feathered at six months that we could make dependable observations. When the flight feathers from each of these cockerels was arranged in order it was apparent that from an exhibition standpoint the birds of better body were found in the slow-growing, slow-feathering group. In this group the bars were straighter and the line of demarcation between the black and white bars was growing cockerels there was a more distinct. In the six most rapid grown cast to the feathers where the black shades off to white. It should be kept in mind that these feathers were all from cockerels from the same strain which had been bred for a number of years for exhibition purposes. Now about the exhibition females—21 pullets, sisters to the cockerels mentioned above, completed a laying year. A

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

HOW INFECTION IS SPREAD

study of these birds showed that those which could be classified as very good in exhibition color feathered quite slowly as chicks and laid poorly as hens. None of this group exceeded 30 winter eggs or 150 eggs during the pullet year. There were, however, five exhibition hens that exceeded 30 eggs during the four winter months and five that exceeded 150 eggs during the year. All of these birds had feathered rapidly as chicks. All in all, these pullet studies showed a definite relationship between good quality of barring (in Barred Plymouth Rocks) and slow feather growth. It is evident that since all the good layers feathered rapidly, the strain built up from such a start would tend to feather rapidly but be of mediocre to poor exhibition quality. On the other hand, if those birds which would be classed as "good" or "very good" in exhibition quality had been used as breeders for a foundation flock, slow feathering would have been intensified and low egg production would have been the result. A large number of experiments have proven beyond a doubt that early maturity is a valuable factor in establishing high egg production. If a breeding program is established which ignores early maturity or tends in its selection to establish slow rate of maturity, the poultryman will lose two valuable sources of revenue. Slow maturity would lead toward a delay in the time during which broilers or fryers could be produced, and also a sacrifice in fall and early winter egg production. These experiments did not preclude the possibility of combining a certain degree of good barring with production qualities. It should be kept in mind, however, that when a farm point is in conflict with a production quality, the only sound procedure for the farmer or commercial poultryman is to select toward that character which will increase the income from his poultry flock. It is not probable that 300-egg Barred Rock hens will have such exhibition quality as is now demanded to win in the big shows, nor on the other hand is it probable that those exhibition females which are now winning in the Barred Rock classes will be hens that will make exceptionally high records. There is, however, the possibility of combining good acceptable barring with an average flock production of 150 to 200 or more eggs per hen.

WATCH YOUR SEPARATOR

With prospects of higher prices for butterfat, the saving qualities of a good close skimming separator will be more worth during the winter months. It has been found that the loss in skimming may be three times greater when the separator is not washed between each milking, yet during cold weather many people make a practice of washing only every other day. In other cases the major beehive is out of adjustment and does not skim closely enough to take all of the butterfat. It is also important to see that the milk is separated before it gets cold. Close skimming is always profitable but becomes unusually important with the close margin in many sections between the cost of feed and the price of fat. During the last few years testers of herd improvement associations have rendered a very valuable service by checking cream separators owned by members. Many cow test association members have been saved a great deal of money by the discovery that the cream separator was out of adjustment. If the cream separator is kept in a place where it is apt to freeze over night no water should be left in the bowl. Also in extremely cold weather it will pay to flush out the bowl with warm water before pouring in the milk.

HOG HOUSE TOO TIGHT

A few years ago an extension service veterinarian in one of the leading swine producing states was called to a farm, where some hogs had mysteriously died overnight, for the purpose of making a diagnosis of the cause of the sudden death. The owner of the hogs insisted that they had been poisoned. The veterinarian, after making a post-mortem examination of one of the hogs, and after inspecting the sleeping quarters, agreed with the owner that the hogs had been poisoned. He explained, however, that the poisoning was not in the sense that the owner had in mind. This farmer had built a new hog house. He did such a good job of it that on cold nights when all windows and doors were closed tight (there was no ventilating system) and when too many hogs were forced to occupy the house under such conditions, the result was suffocation.

THE FEED TAG

The analysis tag on commercial feed tells how much protein, carbohydrates, fat and fiber are in the bag. But it doesn't tell the most important thing about the feed—the profit you can make by feeding it to livestock. Profit is what counts. Neither does the tag indicate whether the feed is palatable or thoroughly mixed. A dairyman is sometimes inclined to overlook the importance of these essentials. If the feed isn't palatable, only enough will be consumed for body maintenance. If it isn't thoroughly mixed, the animal will get more of one ingredient at one time and less at another. Uniformity is one of the cornerstones of a good ration. Palatability, uniformity, absence of foreign materials—these are not given on the tag. The only way to find out about them is to use some of the feed. In this way find a good feed and stick to it.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

It is just as important to spray the interior of the brooder with kerosene as it is to spray the poultry house later on.
pulier helps in getting the posts out. One manufacturer of steel posts announces a pulper that does away entirely with digging.
Expensive fuel, corn and hay are. Yet a great many folks ask their livestock to heat cold water with the feed that is eaten—feed that should go into meat and milk. Take the chill off the water with a tank heater. Drinking cups in the barn are still another solution.
Hogs stand hauling and tipping better if held off feed for 12 hours before loading.

WOVEN WIRE, STEEL POSTS

Woven wire is replacing barbed wire fences. Steel posts are replacing wooden posts. Fields are being rearranged so that crop rotations may be improved and farm work speeded up. Those facts are brought out in a fence survey of 146 farms. The life of average woven wire fence is 27 years, when posts are replaced and the fence restretched. Only 25 per cent of the fence was barbed wire. Speaking of fence—don't tell us the temporary fence you used for hogging down corn is still set in the field. If it is, roll it up and if the ground isn't frozen, pull the posts and store all in the machine shed. A post

Wearing Apparel Code

Used by Liquor Dealers

Seattle—(UP)—Suits, pants and overcoats, ordinarily mean articles of wearing apparel, but when used in connection with Seattle's most unique bootlegging joint, they meant various amounts of liquor. The "New System Cleaners" was found to be a flourishing bootlegging place where orders were taken by telephone and prompt deliveries made. There was never any mention of liquor during transactions,

BOYCOTT BEAUTY QUEENS

Paris—(UP)—European student bodies have exchanged letters in an effort to discourage beauty contests by boycotting beauty queens. The